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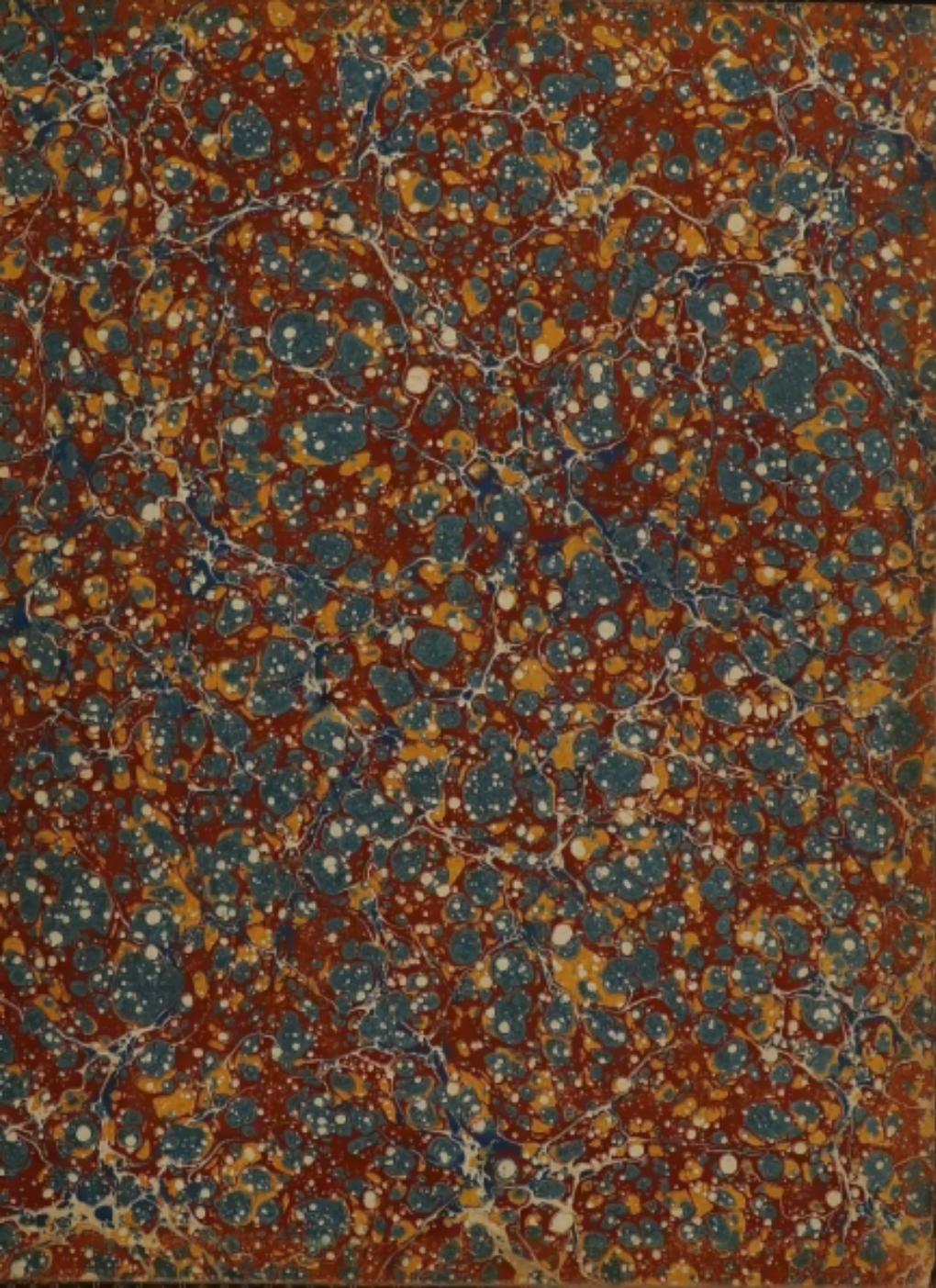
G. A.

1889. 90.





Ex Libris
JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS



⑩ Clarence Andrews -

10 p.m. 16?

After Elk in the Rockies



AFTER ELK *

* * * IN DEC * * *

◎ ◎ ◎ ◎ ROCKIES.



ATHOUSAND MILES

* * IN JUN * *

DAKOTA LAUNCH.

PRIVately PRINTED

AFTER ELK IN THE ROCKIES.



SATURDAY, October 12th

ARRIVED at Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel in the afternoon called on Commanding Officer, Captain Boutelle, to whom had letter of introduction. He, confirming what I heard of "Billy" Hofer as good guide and hunter, sent to Gardiner (at entrance to Yellowstone Park) for him. Made arrangements that evening for outfit of six pack horses, cook, tents, etc., to be ready to start on the following Tuesday for a three weeks' tour after elk.

The Mammoth Springs are reached from the station of Cinnabar after a drive of eight miles; beautifully situated near springs continually emitting vapor, and having a white deposit around them. They resemble the springs of Hammam Mus-kadin in the province of Constantine, Algeria - visited over a year ago with poor Farrington.

TUESDAY, October 15th.

Waiting anxiously for the outfit, which does not arrive from Gardiner until noon. Then we are off, Billy leading,

myself following on a comfortable pony with a Mexican saddle, and the six heavily laden pack horses, carrying over two hundred pounds weight a piece, bring up the rear, driven by our cook, "Dave" Rhodes, who is also packer. Thermometer is sun on hotel piazza 76° Fahrenheit, although our altitude is six thousand feet.

Our route is over a very dusty carriage road; pass Beaver Lake with its dams. Opposite are Obsidian Rocks. Volcanic glass glittering in the sun, with which Indians made their knives and tomahawks. Ducks and geese in plenty—but can not shoot them, though fingers itch, as it is forbidden in the Park. Tourists who carry arms have them sealed on entering. We are treated with more confidence by the Captain, and do not abuse it. Leave road and follow trail up through young pine wood and mountain pass. Porcupine in our way, turns his back to us, ready to strike with his tail if molested. Does not offer to move until driven away with a stick. Travel fifteen miles until 6 P.M., when camp in Little Valley. Very cold, about ten degrees above zero, but with eight blankets, and a stove in tent, sleep comfortably.





WEDNESDAY, 16th.

Up at 6.30. Breakfast same as supper. Beans, oat meal, beef, coffee, etc. Packing takes until 9 a. m. Off again in hot sun until 12. We stop for luncheon, consisting of a sandwich. Continue on dusty main road until 3, when leave party and visit "the Falls of the Yellowstone." Over three hundred feet deep, impressive and awe-inspiring beyond description. A grand cañon caused by volcanic eruption; pointed and conical walls on each side, dark and gloomy, except when brilliantly colored in reds and browns by iron deposits. There is a hotel near by, but we camp above falls on river, here calm and quiet.

THURSDAY, 17th.

Up at daylight. Breakfast, packing, etc., take until 10.30. Off on dusty main road again; pass dead horses, chip-munks, squirrels, and "camp birds," a sort of Jay, who acts as charwoman and cleans up the ground after we leave camp. Evidence of forest fires on all sides, caused by careless campers and smokers.

Skirt along the river, and by noon reach a beautiful valley, named after Hayden, surrounded by snow-clad mountains, and nearer by smoking sulphureous hills, and pools and springs of boiling water in every shape. The river alive with ducks and geese. Reach the lower lake, where a new hotel is now building. Post letter to wife, and next morning a man brings to camp a welcome telegram, transmitted by telephone from Mammoth.

By chance, see a man who looks like a cow-boy, wears a wide-awake cavalry felt hat, canvas coat lined with red flannel,

blue overalls stuck into canvas gaiters, arctic overshoes, etc., with a face like a boiled lobster from sun and exposure. Fail to recognize him as myself seen through a looking glass at hotel. How shall I look in three weeks? However, am comfortable and in perfect health, "that is the necessary." Camp on Lake Yellowstone.

FRIDAY, 18th.

Decide on trip to Jackson's Lake, in place of Stinking Water. The latter contains mountain sheep and elk, and the former elk and small game, the shooting area larger, can take specimens to Market Lake, Idaho, (as we are not allowed to bring them in the Park,) where there is a station of the Utah Northern Railway. The passes not so high and easier to cross in case of snow, so decide upon it.

Two guides visit us before breaking camp. Were on shooting expedition of twelve weeks with an old acquaintance, Baron Scheibler, of Milan. Started from Billings on N. P. road; got eight elk and some deer. Guides and horses in fine condition. Travel until 4 p. m. through timber, cut across arm of lake near by, hot springs, mud holes and paint pots of beautiful colors, pinks (like strawberry ice). One horse burns his foot crossing by a pool, and limps comically on three legs. A boiling spring flows into lake, where we catch a trout and cook it in pool without taking it off the line. Lake beautiful, covers one hundred and fifty square miles. We are near the "divide." Camp here and decide to take lower pass on account of threatening storm.





Are two hours finding horses, so do not get off until 11 a. m. Some are hobbled and others are picketed, yet they get away, and there seems no way of keeping them near camp. Should have a night herder to look after them. Many Mexican names are used by guides and packers. Chaperajo (leather riding trousers), Cantinas (saddle bags), Jacamores (rope halter), Latigo (a strap to fasten horse's girth), Cincha (a girth), Tapadero (leather over stirrup). Parflesh is a word meaning a hide with straps used as a valise. Billy says it is French. (?)

Try to help packing and setting up tent. Am like "Chocolat" a clown in the circus, and do more harm than good, so give it up and employ time in writing these notes. We pass through fallen wild wood with lovely parks between. In one see my first elk with joy three hundred yards away, gazing quietly at us secure, with the law on his side, against harm. On across the great continental divide or water-shed, past Lewis Lake, and camp at 5 after much climbing over fallen timber, often without a trial. Billy shows his bump of locality. See other elk and numerous trails of same. Camp on Aster Creek

SUNDAY, 20th.

Weather improves. Glorious sun and sky. Breakfast and packing take always four hours, so we are never off before 10.30 or 11. Hope to be out of Park to-night. Direction due south to Lewis Fork of Snake River. Take rifle on horse, and hope to draw a bead on the journey. Through difficult trail of fallen timber. At 2 pass small lake through which runs the southern boundary line of the Park. Look down into a beautiful valley, where runs Polecat Creek, at the junction of Lewis Fork and

Snake River. In the distance the Teton Mountains, covered with snow. On the left "Wild Cat" Peak, where we shall try for elk. Camp here and practice with Winchester 40-82 rifle. All right at fifty, but *not* good at two hundred yards. Ducks and geese abound, and as the twenty-two pounds of beef we brought with us are nearly gone, we must kill something soon.

MONDAY, 21st.

Seventh day out. Take a well-earned rest. Heavy rain reconciles us to a day in camp, mending and "fixing up," cleaning guns, etc. Find wagon trail over Fall River to Market Lake. See a log cabin used by skin hunters. Skins and meat drying. The pursuit of game for the skins is illegal and wasteful. We are now over seven thousand feet high.

TUESDAY, 22d.

Start with Billy on horseback up Huckleberry Mountains, one thousand feet high. See antelope on our way, out of reach. Climb four hours, dragging horses behind. Altitude makes me breathe like an asthmatic. Rifle, ammunition, heavy clothing, and overshoes increase the difficulty. Don't care much for this sort of sport, especially when unsuccessful. Count over twenty elk trails. Fine view. Descend through gulches, cañons, snow, etc., almost straight down; wonderful how horses can follow, but they do well. A black-tail deer crosses our path, Billy shoots, misses, and curses the rest of the day. Fagged out and disgusted. Decide to move on in the morning to Pacific Creek, where we shall be higher and nearer game.





WEDNESDAY, 23d

AW^t: a visit from two hunters, who intend wintering here. One, a half idiotic-looking fellow, is a Mormon, Billy judges, from his appearance. Not flattering to the sect. Send letter by him, which may reach Myra^{*} and may not. Travel up a cañon, and suddenly see the beautiful Jackson's Lake on the other side, at our feet. In front a meadow five miles long, already staked out by intending settlers; grass burnt all over it. Several skeletons of animals near salt licks left by skin hunters. Billy would like a sort of club-house here, where you are near all kinds of game. On the right the Tétons, with snow and glaciers, so named from their peculiar shape. Opposite the Gros Ventre range form a picture equal to anything in Switzerland. Leave lake on our right, and camp on Pilgrim Creek, just as rain begins to fall. Draw first blood by shooting down a porcupine. Looks like a small bear with head like a monkey. As we are living on ham and "canned goods," shall cook him *faute de mieux*.

THURSDAY, 24th

It rained all night, but tent keeps warm and dry. Its size is 12×9½ feet, and comfortable for two, but in bad weather saddles go under Tepee tent, and Dave sleeps with us. Object to this, as we are then overcrowded. Through Pilgrim Pass to small and pretty unnamed lake, alive with duck; out with shotgun, and kill three black-head. Fresh meat at last! Camp on Pacific Creek in pass of same name. Parboiled and then boiled, the porcupine we have for dinner is not to be recommended. Resembles veal with a bad taste. Weather from cloudy grows

very cold : am awakened continually by my mustache freezing. Dreaming always of M—— ; these may be frozen dream kisses !

FRIDAY, 25th.

Am awakened by Billy saying, "The bulls are whistling to you, Mr. Andrews ;" so get up and after them at 9. We see a herd in the Abasaroke (Crow) Mountains, and follow it. Leave horses soon and follow trail up and down hills, over fallen wild wood. Walking difficult in heavy clothing, rifle and cartridge-belt besides. After two hours' climb in upper open land come upon herd. See bull lying down fifty yards away and fire. Several more start up and run away, including mine. Much disappointed at poor success. Count tracks of over fifty elk, and suddenly notice blood upon the ground, so did not miss my first elk. Follow blood trail along slope, through deep snow, trees and chasms for an hour, and finally give up the chase. To run at such a pace, my bull could not be very severely wounded, and might go on this way for a hundred miles. Probably was wounded in the back. Return to our horses and camp. On the way Billy knocks the side of a grouse away with a 42 bullet. What remains will be good eating. Duck for dinner much appreciated, as we are hungry and exhausted.

SATURDAY, 26th.

Off again for a hunt in neighboring mountain. Billy saw a bull and we follow him unsuccessfully, as the wind is against us. Weather changes to warm, and the game lies close and out of the sun. Tramp about seven hours and return to camp disgusted. Decide to give Billy a hunt alone. He may then be more successful, and we need meat. Eat up our part of grouse, very good. Am beginning to tire of this sort of thing. Shall move camp once more in the direction of Two Ocean Pass. Am

lonely and homesick. This life is charming for a while, happy, harmless and hygienic for a bachelor with only himself to think about!

SUNDAY, 27th.

Leave at 11 Up Pacific Creek about ten miles, and strike off into a beautiful valley high up in the mountains, ten miles to the north, and about fifteen from the boundary of the Park.



Here we are in the midst of game without further climbing. The thick timber opens into many pretty small parks. A mile from camp is a small lake yet unnamed, to be called probably "Innis," after an old French "voyageur," who discovered it. The Park line will some day extend to here.

Start Billy and Dave off in opposite directions, I keeping camp. In less than twenty minutes Billy shoots a young bull, and later Dave comes in, saying that he has two black-tail, all killed within sight of camp. This is encouraging. We

dine off liver and heart, and have sufficient meat for the remainder of our trip. Fortune has turned in our favor at last.

MONDAY, 28th

I start out cheerfully on foot with Billy, we take the direction from which the amorous whistle and challenging bellow of the bulls were heard through the night. See game in the distance, but the wind carries them our scent, and they keep out of reach. After two hours' tramping, a heavy storm of snow and hail keeps us shivering under a protecting tree, and blinds us so that we think we might as well return to camp.

We move on after awhile, however, when the snow grows lighter, skirting a narrow little park, when a slight noise causes me to turn my head, and I see a royal bull calmly looking at us from the opposite side, seventy-five yards away. I fire immediately, and in my hurry shoot too low. He turns to run, but a second and third shot stop him. Then he makes a frantic rush up the slope to the wood, when a final random shot through the trees brings him down, and following up we find him dead, lying across a small fir tree broken by his fall. At last! I feel repaid for my two weeks of travel and hardship and separation from family ties.

My bull measures about six feet long, a dark brown head, buff-colored body, beautiful antlers with twelve lines four feet long, tapering slender feet, like those of a thoroughbred horse, about four years old, and altogether a fine specimen.

We skin the head and neck down to the shoulders, and leave it until the following day, when we will bring a horse to pack it on. Head and antlers weigh over sixty pounds. We start joyfully homeward, I remarking that I only want one more head, but satisfied that we have done enough for one day. More sport and better is in our path, however, for we come upon two

bulls grazing quietly in the larger valley we had crossed before. They do not see us, fortunately, we are too far away. We pass a half hour crawling slowly through a wood around the valley, until we come opposite our game. The distance from it here is over three hundred yards, but we cannot approach closer without being seen. So we rise from cover, and, taking deliberate aim, fire simultaneously, each selecting his bull. Both shots are effective. The bulls rise, and move slowly away. The nearest one evidently feels queer, as he limps and makes ineffectual efforts to run. He is hard hit. The second one moves off slowly, and then stops and looks at his companion, as if wondering why he does not follow.

We run toward our victims, crossing a small gulch on our way, and fire as we approach. I walk up to the largest bull, who now stands dazed, gazing at me with such an air of majestic terror, that I pause in admiration, then fire and he falls, but his tenacity of life is so great that even after two more bullets are shot in the region of his heart, he lingers and groans unconscious for ten minutes more. The other bull is also done for, so we skin both the heads and leave them until the next day. Although younger and smaller than my first victim, they will make good specimens, and I am content. Has not this been a royal day of sport?

I have had now all I want of this sort, and am ready to start immediately for home. That is, as soon as we have gathered in our meat and trophies.





TUESDAY, 29th.

TART out alone to see if I can add a black-tail buck to my collection, while Billy and Dave go after our elk with the pack horses. Walk through wood to the lake, delightful weather, though cold. In shallow places the water takes beautiful hues of green and orange. See no game, but plenty of tracks in the snow. Tired of the search, turn homeward, and come so suddenly upon a small herd while descending a steep cañon, that my foot slips in my excitement, and before I can recover, the deer are off and out of sight. It requires so many qualities to be a good hunter that I fear I shall not become one easily. If your guide possesses keen scent, sight and hearing, all acutely sharpened by experience, and lends them to you, then a cool and quick shot will do the rest.

WEDNESDAY, 30th.

Morning passes in sawing skulls and cleaning skins, etc. Off at 12 in dreary snow storm. We are leaving in good time, as little later we might find the valley impassable.

Camp a little beyond old camp on Pilgrim Creek. Take a walk to keep warm while men unpack. Return in an hour to find all in order, and a delicious sirloin of elk for dinner. I never knew what good meat was before eating elk. It might be compared to delicious, juicy beef, only better, with a slight rich flavor, somewhat like venison.

THURSDAY, 31st.

Elk brains for breakfast make a very delicate dish. Snow falling again. Shall be glad to get into lower altitude. Afraid I must give up the buck. Plenty of does about, but wary. Billy tells me of Randan Indians who formerly roamed over

those passes. The only Indians who built houses of mud, shaped with conical roofs, like lodges. Have many words similar to Welch in their language. It is supposed they are descended from intermarriage with Welch people who sailed for the mouth of Mississippi two hundred years ago, and were never heard from afterwards.

We have a short trip to-day in alternating squalls and sunshine, sudden and erratic changes of temperature. My thick coat went on and off every five minutes. Pass small lake, still covered with wild fowl, to old camp of a week ago near Jackson's Lake. Rifle practice in the afternoon frightens band of over sixty elk, which we see scampering away up the mountain side. The night proves the coldest we have had since our journey began.

FRIDAY, November 1st

 ISE early in shivers; nose, mustache, everything frozen. Hearty breakfast on elk's tongue (*Quel luxe, hein !*), and hurry into the sun to warm up. Seat myself under a tree and watch the beautiful panorama before me.

Near by young pines and firs contrast their green boughs with the snow-white ground. Just beyond, a grey misty vapor rises like a curtain over Jackson's Lake, hiding the base of the Teton range, while above it the snow-covered cones pierce the deep-blue sky. Slowly the curtain ascends and the mountains disappear, leaving visible only the highest points, from which float banners of rose-tinted snow.

Leave camp in advance of packs, to try my Lancaster gun with the birds on Jackson's Lake, but the ice has covered up their feeding grounds, and they have flown elsewhere. In the

grass-burnt valley, where ought to be a splendid grazing ground of four or five hundred acres, we pass the log cabin of two brothers, who winter here with their cattle. Over the hill which separates us from our starting point outside the Park limits, we camp, eighteen miles nearer the end of our journey.

SATURDAY, 2d.



HIS morning we get off by 7 o'clock, our earliest start. Past the cabin of a hunter, named Brown—an engineer tired of the monotony of running freight trains, and who proposes wintering here, trapping bear, beaver, lynx, martin, foxes, etc. He called on us on our former visit, and says he will catch up to us on our way to Rexburg.

From here on is a wagon road over Fall River Pass, made by settlers from Idaho and trappers. The former come along this road for hay and lumber, which are scarce on the arid plains where they live. A blinding snow and hail storm greets us along our route north-westward, until we begin to descend on the other side of a divide, when it grows warmer. We camp on creek at foot of hills, having accomplished twenty miles of the sixty before us. Our destination is "Old Man Kern's" ranch, the nearest to us, where we hope to get a wagon to take me on to the railroad, thus allowing the outfit to strike out north-westward for Gardiner.

Last year at this time the pass was already closed by snow to all save travelers on snow-shoes. Bark scraped from trees by bears show that the snow reaches a height of ten feet and more. We are fortunate in being able to get through so late, and Billy is anxious to reach his home at Gardiner as soon as possible, having another high pass to cross before the snow becomes deeper.

SUNDAY, 3d

BRONN, the hunter, overtakes our camp and joins us in the hospitable "share with all comers" fashion prevailing in camps. As he knows the road, good camps, etc., he is a useful companion.

He goes to complete his winter supplies at Rexburg, as this will be his last trip until the late spring.

Last night was the coldest we have had. The snapping and cracking of the trees in the still night air indicates at least ten degrees below zero.

Our journey continues along the muddy wagon road, we pass a few wagons on their way for hay. Pass marshes where moose used to abound, but they have been killed off in this section. Crossing Fall River, see some ducks and prepare for a shot, when discover two beautiful white swans quietly swimming in opposite direction. Fire from rifle and miss. The sight was not adjusted for short distance. Am much grieved at my clumsiness. Should practice at all distances, and be able to gauge distance correctly, which is most important.

On the edge of the timber with the plain before us we camp for the night, a poor spot for feed, but the only one near water.

MONDAY, 4th.

Horses go off during the night in search of better grass. Dave starts for them at 9, and does not return until 3:30. He traveled about forty miles, and found them in a desert where they would have starved. Everybody mad, and the language used even by the peaceful and gentlemanly Billy is difficult to describe. These men are always cursing and swearing at their horses for straying off. They hobble them, too, but not all, and one will lead the herd. We have the choice of passing another night here, or traveling by moonlight. As it is a full moon

over a good road. I prefer the latter plan, and rather like the change.

Start off ahead of the pack with another hunter, "Tom," who has joined us and goes our way. Picturesque and dirty, smoked up by his camp-fires, but an interesting talker. Carries a long-barreled, old-fashioned Sharp rifle, a kind now no longer made and highly prized. He has a great affection for it, and tells why. Asks if I remember when Indian scalps were selling for one hundred dollars apiece? I do not, but he says that himself and three others, when looking after cattle, years ago, were surrounded by Indians.

They took refuge in a ravine, and having horses, killed and eat them, thus holding out from their besiegers for seventeen days.

The Indians were only armed with bows in those times, and in wet weather they were of no use. Finally, on the last day of the siege, a storm came, the four men sallied out before their assailants had time to escape, and killed about twenty of them.

The scalps were sold afterwards.

This man's mother and sisters were killed and mutilated by Indians when he was absent from home.

Billy catches up to us by sunset. The sun in front of us across the plains covers the sky with pink and gold. Behind, the moon lights up the Teton range with silver pallor. We trot and lope on at a good pace. I had no idea my old horse, who has been crawling along for two weeks, could do so well.

We reach "Old Man Kern's" at 8:30, having made twenty-five miles in four hours. Queer old chap, lives out on the prairie, thirty miles from Rexburg, in a log cabin with two rooms. We tell him of our starving condition, and Billy offers to cook whatever we can have. Kern, under directions from his wife, who is in bed in the next room, provides us with eggs,

milk and moose. Billy cooks all these and bakes bread. In less than a half hour we are enjoying this (to us) unusual and luxurious supper.

It is a great treat even to sit in a chair and at a table!

As the packs are far behind, and we have no tent, I sleep on the floor of the cabin. At the other end of the room three boys are sleeping similarly. In the adjoining apartment Kern, his wife and three little girls are in one bed, from which my mattress and blankets were taken, and soon we are all snoring like a happy family.

TUESDAY, 5th.

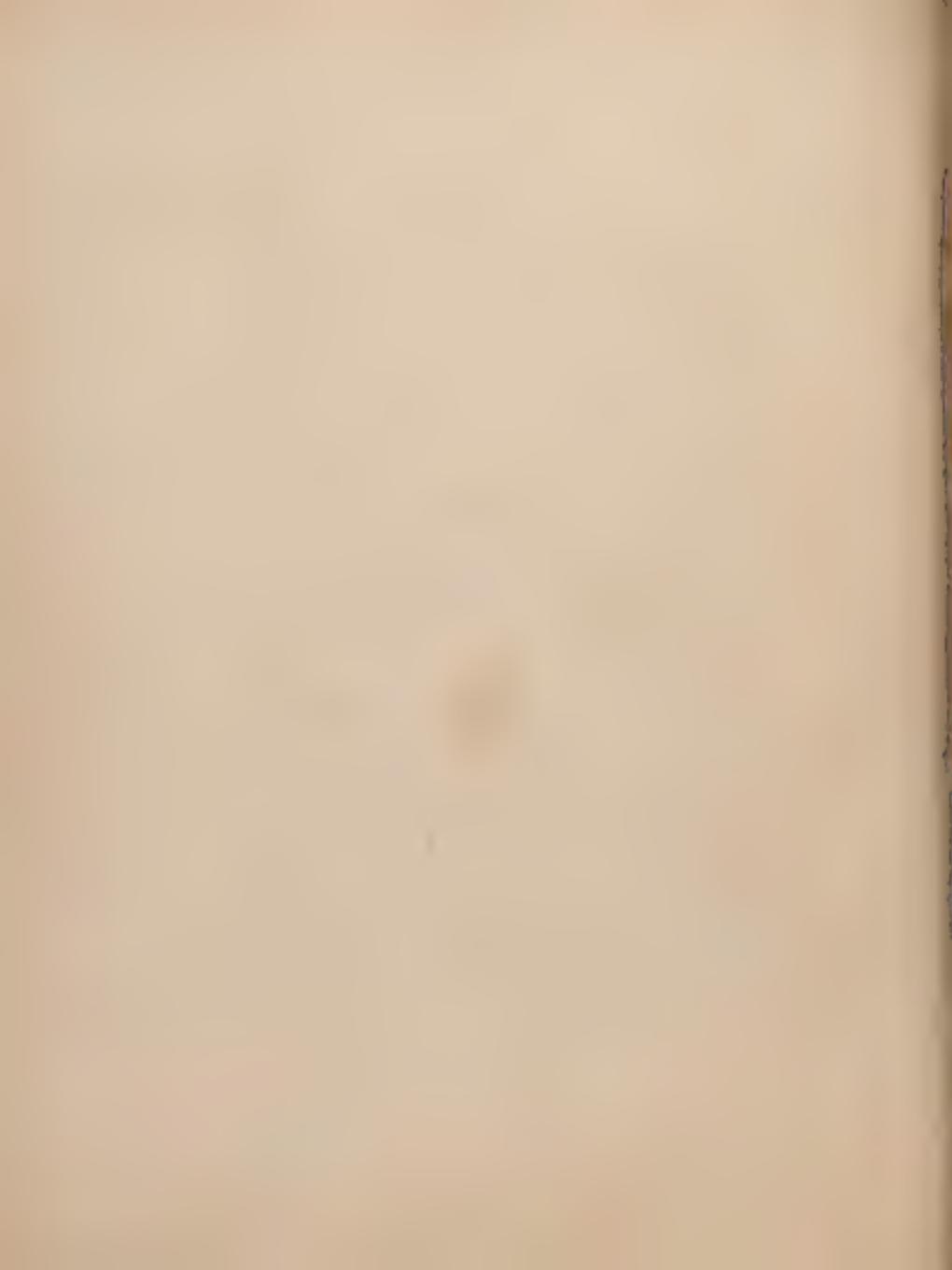
At daylight I am glad to get out and go to camp for breakfast and a wash-up. It is more comfortable there, and the ventilation and atmosphere purer.

The packs arrived during the night. The tent had been put up, and I enjoyed my last meal with my companions.

At 9, after hearty adieux to my faithful outfit and my friend, Billy, start for Rexburg in a wagon driven by "Old Man Kern."

Cross Fall River and its branches several times. The arid plains are being well irrigated by ditches, and one can see that this is becoming a great cattle country. Arrive at Rexburg at 2 in the afternoon. Put up at a small hotel, where I enjoy the luxury of a room to myself by hiring the hotel office. Remain in this busy Mormon settlement two days, and find the inhabitants intelligent and courteous, and physically a splendid set of men.

Am driven over to Market Lake and take train for Helena, Montana, thus ending a trip which, now when I look back upon it, seems all *couleur de rose*. The fatigue, the loneliness are forgotten; the mounted elk heads grace my walls, while renewed health with the spice of contrast enhance the joys of home.









CAPTAIN, . . . CLARENCE ANDREWS,
CHIEF ENGINEER, ELWOOD "BILLY" HOFER.



A Thousand Miles in a Naphtha Launch.

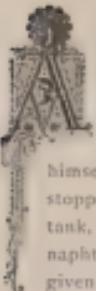


THE "Mira" is an open launch thirty feet long by eight feet wide with a draught of eighteen inches. She is fitted with a sail placed in the bow to be used in case of emergency, and an engine of six horse-power. There is a standing roof with canvas storm-curtains, extra wide lockers running the whole length of the boat, with subdivisions for guns and fishing-rods, clothing, stores, etc., having ample sleeping accommodations on top for four people; behind the engine is an oil cooking stove and water-tank. A ten-foot cedar tender, oars, boat-hooks, etc., complete our equipment.

Our plan was to travel from the Atlantic to the Gulf Coast of Florida by river and lake, and to return by the Atlantic Coast. Owing to lack of time, however, only the first half of the trip was accomplished, but that the most unusual and interesting part.

The "Mira" was shipped to Fernandina, February 28th. Arrived there by the Mallory Company's steamer "City of Texas" on March 4th, in charge of "Billy" Hofer, of National Yellowstone Park fame, and Timothy Mullins, engineer from the Gas Engine and Power Co., who accompanied us until we learned to run the engine ourselves. Detained in Fernandina until March 7th, waiting for naphths, a pilot was taken on

board, and the trip begun in the afternoon of that day. We anchored for the night off Shell Island.



ARRIVED at Jacksonville by the inland route, the Sisters and Amelia Rivers, at noon, when Captain Andrews took command. An addition to the crew was made in the person of William Scott, colored cook, who proved himself a veritable *Cordon Noir*; the pilot leaving us here. We stopped at the Standard Oil Co.'s wharf to fill our naphtha tank, which contains sixty gallons. We cannot procure naphtha, however, as it is not sold in Florida, but we are given No. 74 gasoline and assured that it is practically the same. Then we follow the St. Johns River for ten miles and anchor for the night off Buckley's Bluff. There are very good charts of the river, and the channel is marked out by beacons, so that there is no difficulty in navigating without a pilot.

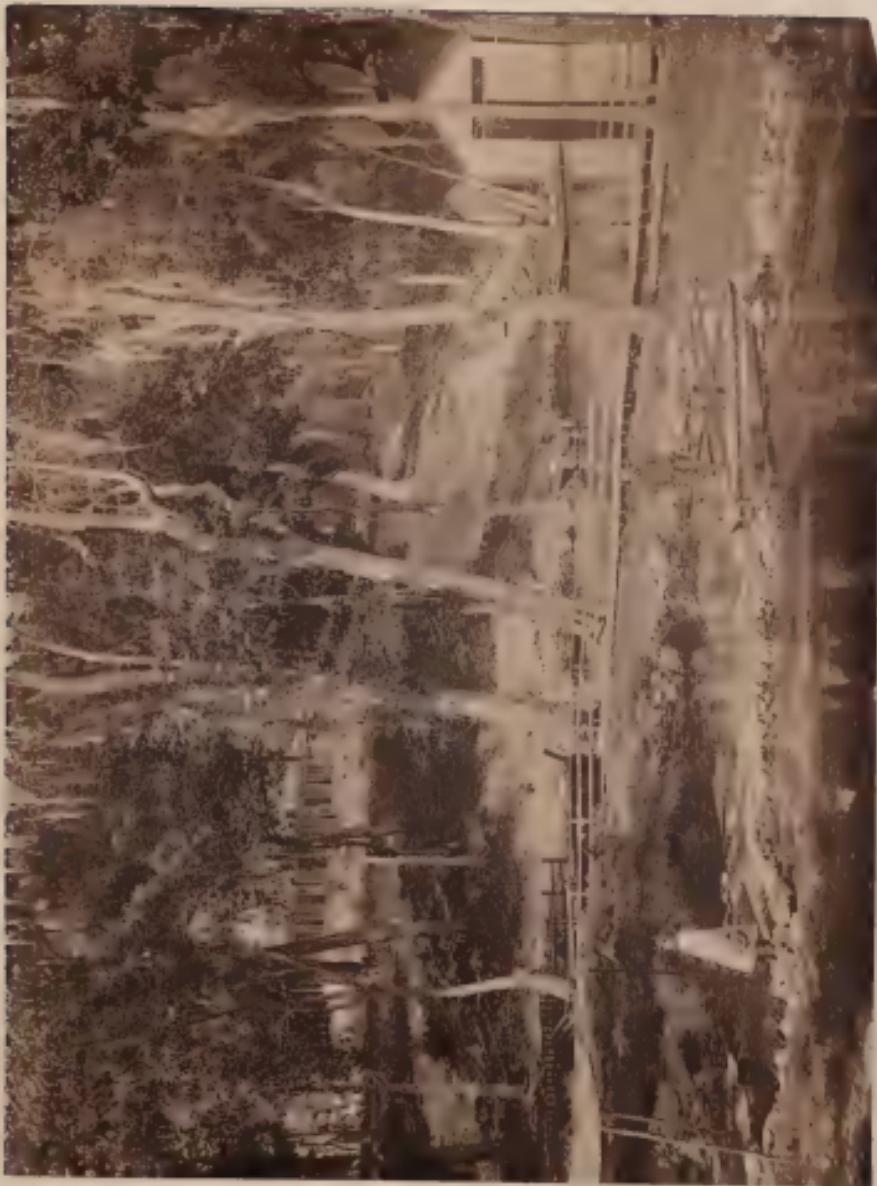
MARCH 8th.

We are off early, the river is wide and forms really a "chain of lakes," which is the meaning of its Indian name "Welaka."

In the widest part, in a strong wind and choppy sea, while hoisting sail, we break our tiller-rope, and are obliged to heave to for repairs. Notwithstanding this delay we make Palatka in eight hours, a distance of sixty miles. Here we remain two days, Captain Andrews visiting his land at Blue Springs near Ocala, in the centre of the newly discovered phosphate district.

MARCH 12th.

In the afternoon we fire up and continue our journey up the river, taking on board fifty gallons gasoline; what we cannot put in the tank we carry in cases, each case containing two tin cans and holding ten gallons. This is an expensive way to



carry it, costing two dollars and fifty cents a case, instead of seventeen cents a gallon by barrel, but it is worth the difference as it is safer and more convenient. An iron drum, holding one hundred gallons, or a barrel of fifty gallons, would be difficult to handle, besides taking up too much room. The river to Sandford is so crooked that the distance is twice as long as by rail, one hundred and ten miles from Palatka. We anchor for the night off Welaka, opposite the Ocklawaha, where Captain Andrews had passed a night a year ago after a most exciting trip down that river, getting lost several times in "dead" rivers, in a pelting rain storm, in the middle of the night.

MARCH 13th.



We cross lake George, sixteen miles, in two hours, being the best speed we can make, and anchor off Volusia. In the night we are awakened from our gentle slumbers by the waves from a passing steamer combing over into our bunks; but as the water is warm and the weather also, we are not much disturbed.

MARCH 14th.

The river narrows and becomes more attractive. We see plenty of heron and cranes and have an enjoyable sail, anchoring toward evening in a beautiful inlet called Blue Springs, from the transparent blue of its water. Reminds one of its namesake near Ocala, but with less picturesque surroundings.

MARCH 15th.

Find contents of tank very low, but as we have less than thirty miles to make to Sandford, decide to push on. Weigh anchor at 9 A.M. in a heavy rain storm, but well protected from it by our lowered storm curtains. Unfortunately the

curtains prevent the engine from drawing well, and suddenly it is enveloped in a blaze. We extinguish the fire easily, and decide to return to Blue Springs rather than risk having our fuel give out mid-way. I take a train to Sandford and succeed in shipping fifty gallons by a night freight boat, and the following morning "Mira" is safely anchored off Du Barry's Wharf, at Sandford, two hundred miles from Jacksonville. We have burnt one hundred gallons of gasoline, and although we learn to economize later on and keep the consumption down, we do not get it much lower than this.

MARCH 16th.

ROM Sandford the launch has to be shipped by rail to Kissimmee, about sixty miles distant, on the South Florida Railroad. Although the Company have a dock here, they have no derrick or other means of hoisting a boat weighing from two to three tons; so we have to haul ours out on the beach. By means of an extemporized windlass, much difficulty and swearing, "Mira" is placed on a cradle, and left high and dry for the night. It takes a whole day to do this, another to get her on the flat car, a third to transport her to Kissimmee, where she arrives comfortably lying in her cradle, on the 20th. Colonel Kraemer, the Chief Engineer of the Disston Land Improvement and Drainage Company, is familiar with the route we are to take, viz.: down the Kissimmee River to Lake Okeechobee, then through the canals to the Caloosahatchee, and so on to Fort Myers and the Gulf. The Colonel, who has recently made the trip, tells us that owing to unusual drought the water is so low in the first canal between Lake Tohopokaliga and Lake Cypress, that no boat drawing more than ten inches of water can push through, but that we will have no further difficulty. It is too late now to turn back. We would not



give "Mira" such another railway jarring again, so we charter a barge and a sturdy little stern-wheel steamer of twenty five horse power to push us through the shallow canal. "Mira" is placed on the barge, cradle and all (after a hard day's work), surrounded by freight of various sorts to be left at settlements along the lake.

MARCH 22d.



We are off at 9:40 a. m. Our crew is increased by the addition of Captain King, of Kissimmee, who is to pilot us through the winding channels and across the uncertain lakes. Besides there is Captain Johnson, owner of the steamer "Cincinnati" and barge, with his own crew of three men. "Mira," propped high in her cradle ten feet above the water, looks queer as she is pushed slowly out into the lake. We stop three times to allow Captain Johnson to dispose of his freight. Have a fine view of St. Cloud where are the sugar mills, which work day and night, grinding the cane brought from the plantations of the Dissston Land Company. Lake Tohopokaliga is very pretty; islands of high hickory woods dot it here and there. Among them Paradise Island may deserve its name, covered with trees, containing one hundred acres of rich, loamy soil; we are told it can be purchased for seven thousand dollars. Sixteen miles bring us to the entrance of the Southport Canal, four miles long; our course due south, wind ahead; weather warm with occasional showers. Here we find our first obstacle, a sand-bar.

We go for it stern on and the wheel soon digs a channel in the soft bed. A half mile further we stick in hard bottom, and we wriggle, pole, push and swear our way through, the crew, stripped to their waists, in the water most of the time, and Cap-

tain Johnson, when not in also, directing their movements from the upper deck in airy attire and shirt-tails flapping in the breeze. As we pass through the canal, we see the "Arbuckle," a small flat river steamboat with double deck (like a house-boat), entering. Chartered for the trip by an English gentleman; he wisely allowed us to go first and prepare a channel for him.

The banks are flat and swampy; when the drainage is complete, the land will be valuable for the cultivation of sugar cane, bananas, oranges, lemons and pineapples, all of which are already grown in the neighborhood. At 6 p. m. we reach Lake Cypress, two miles across the lake takes us to the Hatchinneha canal, two and three-quarter miles long. This brings us into the lake of the same name, and three miles across it to the Gardiner River (really the upper Kissimmee), where we anchor at Fort Gardiner for the night. This is a roundabout course, but the canal connecting Cypress Lake directly with Lake Kissimmee is not yet finished. The sail in the bright starlight was full of charm; perched high upon her cradle "Mira" glides smoothly along, swamps, hammock or bamboo forests on either side, alligators grunting along the banks, or splashing into the water at our approach. Fish jumping out, fireflies and croaking bullfrogs animating the scene, while the new moon silvers all.







MARCH 23D.

At 5.30 A. M. we are off through the Gardiner (Kissimmee) River; heard the wild turkeys cackling, and would like to remain for a shot at them, but Captain Johnson is anxious to hurry on, as his time is limited and he must be back at Kissimmee to carry the mail. We arrive at Lake Kissimmee at 8 A. M. Then all hands begin to knock the "Mira's" supports from under. She glides gracefully over the rollers, stern first, cradle and all into the water. We load our skiff with the spare cases of gasoline, and she sinks down nearly to the gunwales. In all we carry one hundred and seventy gallons. The crew of the "Cincinnati" give us a cheer, and we are off, flags flying. Our course is straight across the lake, twenty miles long, but the water is rough, and we are obliged to unlash the skiff, which has gradually filled, and take her load on board. Then we hug the shore (which increases the distance by ten miles), in order to avoid the heavy seas, passing Bird and Plummer's Islands, and several smaller ones, on which, we are told, deer abound. We pass Floradelphia, plotted out in avenues and streets, but containing only one house as yet. We pass grape hammocks, where the Live Oaks are covered with wild grape vines. In the vicinity are cattle ranches of two to three thousand head of cattle, and the few houses we see belong to the cowboys. At 1.15 we enter the Kissimmee River. The banks are alive with curlew, ducks, water turkeys, heron, limpkins, cranes, etc. A flight of white heron flashes like silver against the sky. We shoot a few duck and other birds as specimens, when they are in our course, and pick them up without stopping as we sail along. At 3.40 we tie up against a low bank for the night, having made fifty miles.

The current is with us all through our trip, and we can

economize fuel. Our camp is called Alligator Bluff. The ranchmen who live twenty miles back come here for their supplies, and to ship their crops to market by steamer, which runs regularly to Ft. Bassinger. There is a bird-roost near by, where thousands of different kinds of birds make their nests. It is surrounded by swamp, and even with my high water-proof boots I fail to get within gunshot of them.

MARCH 24th.



FTER a general haul-over and cleaning up we are off at 9.30. About five miles down the river we stop at Orange Hammock, where a Mr. Griggs lives and occupies himself with plumage hunting and orange growing. We buy some lemons fresh from the tree, and eggs more or less fresh from the hen. We shoot a couple of "coots," which the natives say are "Blue Peters." We pass Fort Kissimmee, where there is only a fence, and enter Guy's Cut at 11.15, pass through it at 11.25; plenty of duck, but wind and current too strong to allow of our picking them up. Passed Prairie Bluff, taking short cuts in narrow streams when there is just room for "Mira" to pass. Yellow and white water lilies and occasional clumps of oak trees seen in the distance. Sometimes a peculiar water grass, called "bonnet," entangles our propeller, but we untwist it by reversing. The larger alligators have been killed off by the professional hunters, and those remaining are comparatively small. The land on either side, for miles back, is held by the government for the "Disston Company," for the drainage improvements the Company proposes to make.

Some settlers squatted here before the Company received its concession, and we see their herds of fair but thin cattle.



We came to Mikos Bluff, named after an old Indian, but now belonging to Mr. Alderman, a ranchman, owning some fine buildings. At 4 p. m. Istokpoga Creek, which drains the large lake of that name, is passed, and at 4.30 we stop for the night. Our engine catches fire; cause, stopping the wheel and not turning off the injector! We learn only by experience, and no harm is done. Distance travelled about forty miles.

MARCH 25TH.



THE pleasantest part of the day for me is after breakfast, while cook is cleaning up and Billy oiling the engine. I, being "de trop," start off in the skiff, provided with my Parker, a pipe, and a 10-3. I have a good hour's start, and float lazily down the stream, watching the "gators" and the innumerable birds sporting along the banks, unmindful of my silent passage, until a shot brings one or the other to his doom! We are now one hundred and twenty-five miles from Kissimmee by water, and ninety by land; that is also the nearest railway point. We are off at 9.15; a heavy rain overtakes us, but we are snug with our storm curtains down. We pass Dougherty's Hammock and cornfield, seven miles above Fort Bassinger; banks higher here and country more attractive. At noon arrive at Fort Bassinger, where, as usual, there is no fort, but a store. We buy a few stale provisions and depart. Pass the "Hamilton Disston," a big, flat-bottomed steamboat, laboriously poled up stream, with an official of the Company on board. At 2.30 stop for the day at Platt's Landing, twenty miles below Fort Bassinger, having made thirty-five miles, and burned twenty gallons. We catch five bass with a spinner, averaging three pounds a piece in weight. At night the rain pours down in torrents, accompanied with thunder and lightning. We sleep as calmly as ever.



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of our roof are very weak ; we steady them with boat hooks and guy ropes. We take our course along the western shore, and have the seas head on. At 12.20 we sight a land-mark at the entrance of the Hickpochee Canal, consisting of a tin can attached to a tree. Without some sign the canal would be imperceptible. It is about thirty feet wide, and runs south-east. We feel a great relief in leaving the gloomy and treacherous lake.

The water is of normal depth here, about eight feet. We expected to find it much shallower ; in fact, except in the first canal leading into Lake Cypress, we have had plenty of water. Again birds of all kinds scream and flee at our approach.

As the wind is favorable we hoist sail and stop the engine, getting along nicely for about two miles, when we reach Lake Hickpochee ; at its approach we are bothered by mud flats and grass, but we drag slowly through them ; three miles across the lake, and we enter the drainage canal again. We see low, flat meadow land, and poor-looking cattle grazing about. In the distance, forests of palmetto backed by pine, cypress trees and water oaks, dot the land here and there. We anchor early in the afternoon at Coffee Mill Hammock. We stroll through the forest with our guns, but see no game, save a few hogs left by a former settler, and since grown more or less wild. Sauntering about here is delightful. In summer the ground is flooded, so now there is no underbrush, save the saw palmetto. The foot treads a velvet pliant carpet of moss. We find good bass fishing near our boat.





MARCH 29th.

We take another tramp through the forest to visit the ancient Indian Mounds, about two miles N. E. We traverse first the palmetto, then, further on, the pine forest. Crossing a gully we reach a hill upon which grows a solitary pine; around this hill, about thirty yards long and ten wide, is a circular mound three feet high. Billy climbs a tree to see if he can distinguish any intended shape to the mound, but time, the wind, and the spade have destroyed any symbolical form it may have had. In older days the Seminole had a canal by which they reached their burial ground in canoes from the river. Army buttons and accoutrements, as well as Indian arms and implements have been found, showing that as late as the Seminole War the Indians buried their dead here, together with trophies of war.

On our return to the boat, we pass a forsaken Indian camp; a few poles stuck into the ground, an old embroidered and tattered shirt, perhaps left as an offering to the gods, a broken oven, and a pair of discarded moccasins, attest the presence of "red skins," and suggest that they came here on a pious pilgrimage to the necropolis of their ancestors. As we see no traces of game on this journey, we decide to leave our camp the same afternoon.

At 2 p. m. we weigh anchor, and soon come to mud-banks, weeds and floating islands; we push slowly through all obstacles; we enter the Lake Flirt Canal, at the entrance to which is an old wrecked steamboat, and the worst part of our journey begins. As the screw becomes entangled continually, we stop the engine, and pole, row, and sail through the blockade of



... a river scene

weeds; the floating islands of grass, bonnet, lettuce, etc., reach entirely across the stream. Finally we reach the ill-defined Lake Flirt (which is no lake at all), and run aground, but kedge our way into deep water. On either side of us are swamps which, being flooded in summer, give the appearance of a lake. Beyond, to the right, a beautiful dark thicket of forest oaks and cypress; in front a fence seems to cross our path, but we find a sudden turn to the right and we are in the Caloosahatchee again. The cattle we have seen belong to Captain Henry, of Fort Myers; these fences are his land marks, and a wagon and team stopping on the river bank are also the Captain's.

At a quarter to five we reached Fort Thompson; see a house and some men, but do not stop; henceforth the river is most beautiful; the banks, four to six feet high, are towered with tall trees and dark foliage. We wind picturesquely in and out, avoiding the snags and rocks projecting out of the stream. We are loath to stop at our usual hour, the sail down the swift flowing river is so pleasant. A strong current helps us along with a favorable wind, until six o'clock, when we tie up on the north bank fifty miles above Myers. Time three and one-half hours for twenty miles.





MARCH 30TH.

E were without our usual midnight concert. The forest surrounding us is unusually quiet. No noise disturbed our slumbers, save a wandering coon who knocked up against our bows, and whose tracks are discernible in the sand. We catch a "strawberry" bass for breakfast, and are on our journey betimes. We see sharks and varieties of small fish. The water is so transparent that they are difficult to catch.

The morning sun shines brightly through the trees which line both banks. We pass a large sternwheel steamboat engaged in removing snags. The river is navigable as far up as Fort Thompson for good sized boats, and excursions are made by tourists from Ft. Myers. We see beds of coral for miles along the banks; marks on the trees show signs of high water, many of them ten and fifteen feet above the present water level. Air-plants with their red and blue flowers, and other parasites, cling gracefully to the branches. Wild grape vines festoon the saw and cabbage palmetto, giving a tropical aspect to the scenery.

We pass a herd of cattle quietly browsing on the banks. An unfortunate cow is bogged up to his body in the mud at the waters' edge, unable to rise; the poor animal gazes at us calmly, apparently as unconscious as his fellows of the death that awaits him from starvation. The buzzards will pluck at his eyes and begin their meal before he is dead.

At 11:30 we come to the town of Alva, twenty-five miles from Myers; we pass the first clump of mangroves we have seen. The river banks are flatter here and resemble those of the St. John's. The tide reaches nearly up to Alva, and the



water soon grows brackish, so we fill our water tank here for the first time. We sight Myers at 2:30, the river being here a mile wide. Arrived at 3:15, making fifty miles in six hours and a quarter.

We sup at the Caloosie Hotel for a change; wild turkey and guava jelly make a pleasing variety to our diet. A small town, but rapidly growing, charmingly situated at the mouth of the river; wide, shady, grass-grown streets, old-fashioned southern houses, and new brick stores.

MARCH 31ST.

LEPT on board in the gorgeous moonlight! Took a pilot (as Captain King leaves us here) to steer us between the oyster beds, the channel not being marked, as far as Punta Rassa. Started at 11:30 for St. James City, twenty-three miles distant; pass Edison's winter home, a pretty place, where the inventor has a laboratory and dwelling, but seldom uses either. A "gatoe," ten feet long, glides curiously within a few feet of us, attracted by the peculiar sound of our engine. See porpoises disporting. At 2:30 arrive off Punta Rassa, where is a telegraph and cable station for Cuba. We put our pilot off on a returning steamboat, and are left for the first time to our own navigating skill. At Punta Rassa is a small cosy hotel run by the operator, more especially for fishermen, as it is near the best tarpon grounds. Then on by ourselves through the channel, staked out plainly to St. James City on Pine Island, where we arrive (in less than an hour, four miles) without mishap, until we run aground alongside the dock, and have to kedge off rather abashed, as we are watched by curious eyes from the shore. Here we engage the services of a blacksmith to strengthen our roof. This is accomplished satisfac-

torily by placing iron girdles around each stanchion, and an arrangement of iron straps and rods running from the roof and crossing each other down to the sides of the boat, making all perfectly secure. Tried our best while here to engage a pilot to take us through the Keys, but these men make so much money from the Tarpon sportsmen, who come down to St. James City bent on the capture of at least one of these monsters, that they refuse to go for less than three dollars a day. They make as much as that by going out with the sportsmen, who, when successful, reward their fishermen highly.

April 3d.



LL is ready. Supplies and gasoline enough for two weeks on board. We carry one hundred and eighty-five gallons of the latter with us, which we hope will take us to Miami, a distance of three hundred and fifty miles. We engage a man named Phelps, who lives at Marco, to pilot us as far as that point. Are off at 11:30; day fair, wind high from S. W. Opposite Sanibel Lighthouse we run into a heavy sea, and find it necessary to stop under the lee of the shore until the wind moderates or changes its direction. At 4 p. m. we try again to gain the opposite shore, and make Matanzas Inlet in an hour, though we had a dangerous crossing and narrow escape from being swamped. We anchor in this quiet pass for the night, praying for an easterly wind. We are much discouraged to find that an open boat is so much at the mercy of the elements. The direction of the wind is a most important factor that we now have to deal with; without a favorable one (from the land) we can do nothing. By much patience and perseverance we made Key West, but it took us two weeks to do what could be done in three or four days, were our boat decked over. The



soft moonlight would have charmed our distressed spirits, had not the mosquitoes and sand-flies made havoc with our rest in spite of cheese cloth bars, which bar nothing, although called "Florida Life Preservers."

APRIL 4th.

HE wind seems favorable from where we are anchored, and at 7 a.m. we make for the Gulf, but the waves are too high for us, and we have to turn about and scamper back. There is an inside route, however, through Estero Bay, and we take that. We pass mangrove islands and schools of porpoises, picking our way carefully between sharp oyster beds and sandbars. At 10 a.m. we reach an outlet to the Gulf. A strip of sand forms a breakwater from the heavy sea and breakers. We gather some pretty shells here, and shoot a few shore birds, which the natives dignify by the name of "plover;" small as they are they prove very good, and a welcome addition to our larder. The wind is increasing, and we decide to remain in this quiet harbor; if we had some mullet or fiddlers for bait, we might fish. We sail back a little distance and anchor opposite a cabin, pay a visit to the Portuguese owner to ask for some; but this devout fisherman informs us that, it being Good Friday, he would not dare to catch any. He says that some time ago a terrible calamity occurred on this day, that the heavenly laws are unchangeable; although here we have different presidents and rulers, "up there" it is always the same. So we are bound to follow his example, and douse away the day in idleness. We catch a marine catfish, however, for supper. A handsome fish, and not bad eating.

APRIL 5th.

THE wind has not shifted, and we are here for another day, still within sight of Sanibel Light. Our Portuguese friend, "August," brings some mullet, and we row over to a group of mangroves, through which runs a channel. The tide is half flood, and the "Silver King" ought to be seeking his customary meal. I cast my bait, and retire into the shade about thirty yards off; do not wait long before I have a bite; the reel spins around rapidly, then suddenly ceases, and on rewinding I find bait, hook and snood are gone, probably seized by a Jewfish. These fish have a habit of sinking into holes as soon as they feel the hook, and remaining there wedged in by rocks, on the edges of which the line is cut. The damage repaired, in less than a half hour the reel clicks again, and this time the line tightens out horizontally. I play my fish until the entire line is exhausted, and myself nearly so. The skiff is being towed against the tide; when my antagonist loosens his grip, I wind in as rapidly as possible, but as soon as I can see the silver gleam of the tarpon scales, the line breaks, and he is off! Although unsuccessful in my fishing, I can well understand the excitement of the sport, once you have your fish secure at the end of the line, and are being towed out to sea, speculating upon the nature of the monster towing. It may be a shark, a dolphin or a tarpon; if it is the latter, you have the additional pleasure of returning and bragging about your success.

In the afternoon we amuse ourselves picking oysters off the trees. They are very palatable and cluster around the hanging branches of the mangrove. They are called "Coon" oysters, because the coons are supposed to delight in them, and keep a stone hidden near the beds to use in place of an oyster knife.



APRIL 6th.

CE wake early to find the wind off shore, and hurry through breakfast in order to take advantage of it. Sail through the inlet which is near San Carlos Pass, (but not on the map) at 7.45; weather squally, but sea calmer. We make for Hickory Pass, due south. At 12 pass Naples, where there is a hotel for winter tourists, a long dock and a sandy beach, but no harbor. Along the coast until 2.45, when we enter the beautiful harbor of Marco, about thirty-five miles from Estero Bay, and tie up alongside the wharf and store of W. D. Collier. Although Sunday, the store is open.

A fine harbor, with many inlets and smaller bays, a good but winding channel, affording an inland passage, staked out as far as Cape Sable. It is now being thoroughly surveyed by Mr. J. Hergesheimer, the author of most of the Florida coast charts, who is here with the U. S. Survey Ship, "Fleet." Captain Collins takes us to visit his large coconut grove, one of the handsomest in the State. It extends around the bay to the gulf, along a sand beach. An ideal lovers' walk, and we notice it is properly appreciated by several couples in the moonlight. We also call on Mr. Collins' father, although the captain will not accompany us; there is a feud between them, and for years they have not spoken nor crossed each other's land. As both have their own docks and schooners, they do not seem inconvenienced by their family quarrel. The old gentleman's house is back of his son's, about two hundred yards away, and surrounded by an astonishing variety of trees, an incomplete list of which I give, as named by the owner: Sopodilla, Alligator Pear (in great quantities), Sugar Apple (Sweet Sop), Sour Sop, Banana, Date, Mulberry and Cocoanut trees, Papau, Lime, Orange, "Mammee," Oleander, Fig, Royal Punciana, Guava. Also many trees familiar to the North.

Mr. Collins (pere), a stalwart man of seventy, meets us in his house, a one-story wooden structure with a square hall in the centre, and four passages radiating from it at right angles; each end open and covered with mosquito bars. He takes great pride in showing us his garden, from which we have a beautiful view of the bay, including his private dock and harbor. Key West is the point to which the settlers send their vegetables, fruit, fish and "gator" skins. They make periodical trips, many owning their vessels. In the evening Mr. Hergesheimer kindly sends his boat, manned by six well-trained negro sailors; they row us swiftly and with graceful precision to the "Fleet," which our host calls the "best hotel in Florida."

Two roomy cabins, twenty feet square, a large bath room, a first-rate cook and well stocked larder make their bachelor quarters very comfortable; and as the present occupant has lived on this vessel sixteen years, surveying the coasts and sounding their waters, it was a most homelike appearance.

APRIL 7th.

We hire a boy named Green to show us a good fishing ground; we sail gaily along in a little sloop down Marco Bay, provided with our luncheon. We anchor about three miles from Marco, and, having caught some good-sized mullet with our cast net, we take up our position with the skiff at the point of a narrow channel. The tide is at half flood, and we expect the tarpon to bite. The inevitable shark and ugly Jewfish worry us in succession. My third bite reels off fifty yards of line and a piece of my finger. We have fun for ten minutes, then the line breaks, and we see a big shark waltzing in the water, as if suffering from an attack of indigestion. The loss of a couple of more hooks convince us that the sharks have the best of it, and we return to the "Mira." Green professes to

know of a better fishing place further on ; also a good shooting country, and we decide to try him for another day or two. We return to Collier's Wharf, make a few purchases, a lot of alligator skins among them, as this is a great market for those shot in the Everglades. (Mr. Collier has over a thousand in stock.) At 5 p. m. we take a S. E. course through a narrow inlet of the bay, past innumerable mangrove islands, and anchor at sundown about a mile from "Hell's Hole," where we intend to try our luck once more.

April 8th.

E row to our fishing grounds. We are going to try "graining," or spearing the fish, for a change. The "grains" are two-barbed prongs fixed to a socket fitting loosely in the end of a pole twelve to fifteen feet long ; a cord is tied to the grains and held in the right hand together with the pole. The other end of the cord is coiled in the bottom of the boat. Green stands in the bow, his pole poised in both hands ; we paddle slowly along the shore in shallow water where the Jewfish abound. The boy's practiced eyes soon see a fish whose muddy color renders him imperceptible to us. He makes a lunge, letting go of the pole and holding on to the cord. The pole falls into the water, and the grains are embedded in the back of the fish near the head. In catching tarpon in this manner you have the excitement and skill of graining and in addition the pleasure of playing your fish afterwards exactly as do the line fishermen, so that the sport is continuous and more varied. Also, you get the fish you want, and not any that choose to bite. We catch in this way, besides the Jewfish, an ugly animal of a dirty brown color, with protruding eyes, and weighing forty to fifty pounds, a couple of good-sized groupers.

At 3.30 we start off in the skiff for a hunt, taking only a few necessaries, such as a tooth brush, mosquito bar, hard boiled eggs and our guns. We take turns rowing up the inlet until the course narrows into a small stream of shallow water with over-hanging trees and foliage. An occasional "gator" or white heron are all that remain of the quantities that were here before the plumage and skin hunters appeared to despoil the land and water of their countless inhabitants. We see a deserted cabin occasionally, with patches of once cultivated land; the settlers found it too lonely to remain. Then we pass a natural clearing of meadow land on which are three gigantic "Royal Palms," very rare in Florida. After rowing five miles we land about twelve miles east by south from Marco, tie up our boat, and tramp through the cypress wood. We soon, much to our chagrin, come upon a party of hunters who have forestalled us. Mr. Dimmock and friends left Marco two days before, traveling by land with a horse and cart to carry their provisions and game. They have killed three deer and tell us there are plenty more about, but no turkeys. A five-mile walk brings us to our camp. We find four poles stuck in the ground about eight feet apart; over them is spread a roof of dried palmetto boughs, one end of which rests upon the ground, affording ample shelter beneath for three people. Within thirty yards is a beautiful but malarious pond, swarming with "gators." A short while ago sixty were shot; we see several, but cannot linger here nor elsewhere without continual motion, as the mosquitoes and sand-flies sting us into activity. Billy and the Captain walk about the surrounding country, and see plenty of deer tracks; on our return we build a fire to cheer us, and eat our supper, standing or rather jumping about, the insects being too voracious to permit of any permanent posture. When we cannot stand them any longer, we retire behind our bars. The



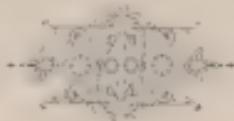
1920 - 1921
Tropical forest

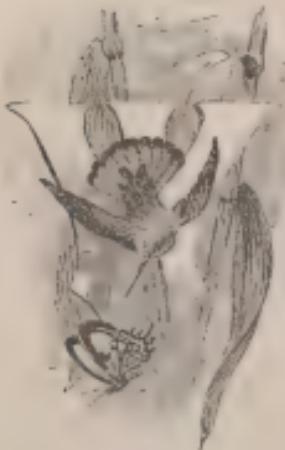
ground is hard and uneven, but the mosquitoes *outside* the bars sooth our slumbers. An animated conversation among the owls overhead rudely interrupt the "gator" concert in the swamp.

APRIL 9th.

Green said we must be off before "sun up," in order to hunt, but he oversleeps himself and wakes at five. Not so sanguine this morning about turkey, but hopeful of deer.

We breakfast off a slice of watermelon, walk about for a couple of hours, see tracks but no game, and as it is becoming too hot for further tramping, we return to our boat, only to find it gone, borrowed, as we learn from a note left on the bank, by the Dimmock party, for the purpose of taking a photo of the Royal Palms. They return before long, however, and offer us a haunch of venison in return for the loan of the boat. We are appeased, and accept it with pleasure. Rowing with the tide, by noon we are back to our cosy launch. William, the cook, is equally delighted to have us back. It was "awful lonesome," last night, he says, and his appreciation of our return is shown in the preparation of a sumptuous meal, in which roast venison fills a prominent place. We take a well-earned siesta on our comfortable bunkers, and the fresh breeze cools our sun-burnt faces. Book and pipe aid our idleness until the "skeeters" come with the night and drive us behind the bars.





APRIL 10th.

E. are off early, bound through the Ship Channel by Coon Key, into the gulf south of Cape Romano. At the entrance to the gulf, a small boy with a small boat begs to be taken in tow, as he is afraid to venture alone. The wind is high, but favorable from the N. W., and blows us on our course, until we come to Horse Key where a shoal, reaching far out into the gulf, causes us to change our course, and we get into the trough of the sea. We ship a couple of barrels of water, turn tail and anchor behind a protecting reef at noon. The wind has changed into a regular "Norther," so we philosophically "go a-fishing," or rather "graining." Catch some "Stingrays."

APRIL 11th.

Wind moderated, N. E., so we are off early, in order to take advantage of it. A sail of four hours and a half brings us opposite the entrance of the Chokaleski River (where there is a small settlement), and here we meet a Corsican fisherman who has been thirty-five years on this coast. He gives us valuable information, besides two gallons of water, for which he refuses payment. Try to engage him as pilot; he wants three dollars a day, "and doesn't care to go at that; can make more money turtleing." We ship some water, but wind gradually shifts to S. E. Pass many islands of pine and cedar trees, and shallow bays with two to three feet of water. Plenty of good harbors; a fine country to

own an island in. Many birds, chiefly pelicans. At 1 p.m. pass Seminole Point, sailing entirely by chart. Lost flag overboard during wind. At 3:15 p.m. pass Highland Point; wind is now east and progress slow. Have lost time by hugging shore inside bays to avoid seas. At 5:50 anchor in a little inlet on the north side of White Water Bay (in the railway maps called Ponce de Leon), about fifty miles from Marco in a straight line, but with our winding in and out, sixty miles distant.

AUGUST 12th

At 7:30, with a N. E. wind, we sail across White Water Bay, making for N. E. Cape.

Wind now blowing a gale and veering to S. E.; sea heavy; anchor at 10:30 in open sea, off a sand beach, and wait for wind to go down; visit shore and walk about three miles to N. E. Cape, around a point where the wind and seas appear formidable. Discover raccoon track, and then see raccoon. He sees me; we stare at each other, both equally surprised at the unusual sight. I think first it may be a cat, then I decide differently and fire; raccoon jumps two feet in the air, turns a somersault as he descends, and makes off on three legs before my astonishment at such acrobatics allows me to fire again. We kill some bay birds, and catch half a dozen delicious blue crabs for supper. Wind dies out.





APRIL 13th.

We start at 5 a. m., before the wind rises; as we round N. E. Cape we see well-appointed dwellings and out-houses, neatly painted white, a dock, some century plants and palmettos, and thousands of cocoanut palms. At 7.30, in a heavy sea, wind east, we round Cape Sable. Here also are houses and cocoanut groves, close by the surveyors' tripod. Four miles south lies Sand Key, which we should make, but the sea is too heavy, and we sail straight on due east for the Oyster Keys, opposite the first of which we anchor in two feet of water, about eight miles beyond Cape Sable; average speed only six miles an hour, owing to strong winds. We burn nearly a gallon of naphtha per mile in head winds, and the "Mira's" draft is so high that she makes but little headway against them. There is a tripod on shore, which Billy attempts to climb for an observation, but the structure is too rickety to do so with safety. On the main shore, to the N. and N. E., are several houses, but too distant to visit. There is no chart of these waters yet, and we can only guess at our whereabouts. All we have to go by is the more or less correct map of the "Okeechobee Land Co." and a few stakes in the ship channel.

APRIL 14th.

Day fair and wind moderated, E. by N. E. The low tide left us aground in one foot of water, so we are not off until the tide rises. At eight o'clock we try to pass Sand Key to starboard, but soon come to shallow water and shoals. We return and make for Point Sable whence runs the only southerly channel; near Sand Key we strike into it and pass that island on our port. We steer S. E., wind having shifted in



that direction, blowing half a gale; Key West lies to the S. W. We pass Sand Key in the teeth of the wind at 10.20 A. M., and travel ahead slowly. At noon we are out of sight of land, but soon make out islands to the east, one of which we take to be Center Key, then we see many more to the south and south east (one of them Long Key), forming a chain running S. W. to Key West, with a channel on either side; we steer S. E. to get help from the wind, water becoming transparent, of a sage-green color. Off grassy Key we see a house and coconut palms. Then we sail south along a succession of islands, mostly cultivated with groves and vegetable patches, surrounded by tall mangroves. We see some sail boats at anchor in a harbor near which is a house on a small bare island, which we afterwards learn is "Bamboo Key." We anchor here at 5 P. M., about thirty miles due south of Sand Key; we are welcomed on shore by Anthony Plant, who is staying here temporarily with his family engaged in sponging. The island contains about six acres, surrounded by coral reefs. The owner is Mr. Crane, who owns also the adjacent larger island to the S. W., Key Vaca. Mr. Plant is the only "old inhabitant" we have met, the others all hailing from other States. His father was from Miami (on the Atlantic coast), where he owned nine hundred acres of land, partly a grant from the Government to the soldiers of the Seminole War, the rest a Spanish grant which he bought. Miami is a growing place with splendid soil and situation. Now it can only be reached by sail boat from Key West, but a railway from Titusville is being talked of, and when that is completed Mr. Plant will be a wealthy man. Now, however, his wealth is in sponges, and he shows us piles of them bleaching in the sun. They are strung together in spans of four or five sponges each, of various sizes, and bringing three or four dollars a span. They can only be caught when the water is clear, so that the

bottom can be seen. For this purpose a pail with a glass bottom is used. In the evening we call at the "shanty" for a chat with Mrs. Plant and her pretty daughter. We meet some "Conch" fishermen, and enjoy their peculiar accent, which might be called "Cracker Cockney." The ladies complain of the loneliness of their island home when the men are away all day long, and bewail the lack of "Society," longing for the gayeties of Key West life. We retire to our couches on board, and are soon fast asleep, dreaming of the fascinations of Key West, we have heard so highly praised, when we are awakened by a loud thump against the side of the boat, and the curtains shaking, followed by a loud splash in the water. We jumped up, thinking a boat had run into us, but peering out we see the disturbance was caused by a large shark who is making away with about two feet of sash cord, four feet of twisted clothes line wire, to which was attached a tarpon hook and a cat fish! We prefer loosing all this to having such a bed fellow. In a few hours we are awakened again by the blowing of conch shells and yells. Our friends, the spongers, are starting off on an expedition; and they are calling to their captain on shore to join them.







APRIL 15TH.

OW ashore in order to get a photograph of the surroundings. Mr. Plant's Conch wife, who with a patch over one eye reminds us of Wotan; his pretty daughter and the children consent to pose. I get a few good shots at them; then adieu being made and hopes expressed of meeting again in Key West, we hoist our square sail, light the engine and are off for that port at 8.15. We are forced, much to our regret, to abandon the trip to Miami, as so much time has already been taken up. We have sixty miles to make. We sail for the Eastern point of Key Vaca (called Waca by the Conch) three miles distant, wind N. veering to E., turn the point in a rolling sea and sail W. S. W., keeping on the east or inside of the Keys.

We pass in succession on our port, Knight, Pigeon and Molasses Keys, small and insignificant. On our starboard, three or four miles distant, respectively, East, Bahia Hunda and Cocoonut Keys. We see Sombrero Lighthouse, a fixed white light one hundred and eighty-eight feet high, visible for eighteen miles. At 11.30 we are off Bahia Hunda, and making due S. W. we pass out into the open gulf. Now the islands are on our starboard. We pass Pine Key; tide strong and speed slow. Large billows, some six feet high, rolling toward the land. In succession come Sunderland, behind which is "Knockem-down" Key, Newfound Harbor, opposite Love Key Beacon, Sugarloaf Key, on which is a cocoanut grove and houses. On our port is American Shoal Lighthouse. The water continues beautifully transparent; Nautilus float on the surface in rainbow

colors ; peculiar little star-shaped fish skin like disks across the waves. The chart warns us of many rocks opposite Pelican Point ; we narrowly miss running into one, are within five yards of it before it is visible. We put out further from shore to give these sunken rocks a wider berth. At last we sight the light-house behind Key West, and hope to reach it before dark. Fort Taylor, a brick building flanked by earth-works and batteries, draws near. It grows darker, and our side lights are lighted for the first time, as we never before travelled at night. We round the fort and boldly demand its surrender, but get no reply from the hundred twelve-inch guns looking calmly upon us, nor from the single soldier who acts as guardian within. At 8 p. m. we steam slowly into the harbor, pass several men-of-war anchored by, and heave-to near what in the dark appears to be a hotel (later we are told it is the U. S. Marine Hospital). Soon a negro rows by and asks if "we want the doctor," but we answer that we have no use for his services at present. We go ashore and walk for several blocks through a Cuban town ; low wooden houses open into the streets, and dusky ladies, with cigar-box coiffures, clad in old-time fashions, rock within. We ask our way, and are answered "no entiende." We stop at the Russell House, looking forward to a fresh-water bath as the greatest of luxuries, but it proves also the rarest, for owing to long drought, we are only spared a bucketful ; the cisterns are nearly empty.

APRIL 16th.

The port doctor visits us, and we learn that we were liable to a fine for going ashore without being examined, as quarantine is declared. We light our fires for the last time, and steam around into a slip next to Mr. Philbrick's wharf and near the dock of the Mallory Company, by which line "*Mira*" is conveyed home a few days later.







INDIAN MODE OF HUNTING ALLEGATORS IN FLORIDA.
From Le Mayou's Narrative of the French Expedition in 1565.



Year of the World War

